

[Wood, Olive Mason]

Obituary.

We are called this week to announce the demise of one of our oldest and most respected citizens, Mrs. Olive Wood, relict of the late Levi Wood, passed on to spirit life on Saturday, February 22d, 1890, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. E. Cory, of this village.

She was born in Cheshire, Mass., Sept. 1st, 1791, and hence had reached her 99th year. Her father was David Mason, a prosperous farmer in the town where she was born and reared. On March 12, 1812, she married Levi Wood, and with him came to the town of Middlefield in 1813, thence to Cooperstown in 1837, where she has lived continually since. Four children were born to her, only two of whom are now living—Edwin W. Wood of Fort Plain, and Mrs. Wm. E. Cory of this place.

The brightest and happiest recollections of her childhood and youth have been connected with her grandfather, Nathan Field, who was a Baptist minister. She loved to dwell upon the beauties of his character and loving, gentle ways, telling with animation, many incidents that show how well he was beloved by the people of his parish. She attended school from her childhood to near the period of her marriage, and her advantages were excellent for that time, but her real education was gained from her grandfather's careful teaching and companionship; and her very life seemed so to have mingled with his that it left its impress upon her character down to the closing period of her lengthened years. She could not remember hearing any allusions in his sermons to the terrors of everlasting punishment, which she placed in striking contrast with the terrors vividly painted by his successor, Elder John Leland, and she has affirmed that her mind was prepared for the beautiful doctrine of universal salvation by her Baptist grandfather. She united with the Universalist church in Cooperstown at the time of its formation as a church, in August, 1858, and was the oldest living member.

Although confined to her room mostly for the past few years, she had not lost interest in passing events, and but for failing eyesight would still have been an untiring reader. It is only about a year since she was obliged to give up the daily papers, and her interest in the great questions of the passing times. Her reading lately has been limited to books of large type, and she has lamented that so many good books are in small print. While she remembered clearly the events of her early life, her recollections of middle age were clouded and indistinct; even the afflictions that came to her in those days had only a dim place in her memory. A crowd of familiar witnesses can bear testimony that they never saw an expression of anger upon her face. Anxiety and grief were sometimes there, but always the look

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that means love and charity for all. Her voice and presence were impressive on all occasions, and while we may drop a tear that one so endowed with lovely traits must be taken from us, we can rejoice that we are not called to mourn her as dead.

There is no death! The stars go down  
And rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,  
May shine forever more.

*Otsego Farmer*, Cooperstown NY, Fri. 28 Feb 1890

Transcribed on 20 Oct 2014 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY